



Look This Square in the Face



ET a man ask you six months after you buy an I H C outfit, "Why are you using a cream separator? Is it making money for you?" and the question will sound as sensible to you as though he had asked why you used a binder.

This excellent combination pictured above, will give you more cream from your milk, saving from \$5 to \$15 per year for each cow you milk; separator skim milk, sweet, warm, and wholesome, will give you healthier, fatter pigs and calves, and this again means more milk and increased soil fertility; you will save hundreds of miles of going-to-the-creamery every year, with its wear and tear of wagon and harness, and so save the time of yourself and horses for many more hours in the field. There are other things an

I H C Cream Separator

Dairymaid, Bluebell or Lily

will do for you. Then the one-horse power I H C engine mounted on a portable truck, will pump water, run a washing machine, churn, sausage grinder, grindstone, and run various other farm machines.

Various points—heavy phosphor bronze bushings, trouble-proof neck bearings, dirt and milk-proof spiral gears, etc., make I H C separators the best to buy. Each style has four convenient sizes. See the local dealers who handle these machines, and have them demonstrate the working to you, show you the close skimming qualities, and efficiency, and go over the mechanical features with you. They will give you catalogues and full information.

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)
Cincinnati O.

DANVILLE.

Sept. 1, 1913.

John Torrie and wife, of Lynchburg, are the guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. C. A. Wood and family for a few days.

Mrs. Frank DeHass, of Kansas City, Mo., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Chas. McLaughlin and other relatives here.

Mrs. S. S. Winters and two children spent part of last week with relatives in Clermont county, and attended a family reunion near Bethel, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cropper, of Winchester, are visiting their son, Dr. C. C. Cropper and family this week.

Miss Chloa Stockwell, of Christ's Hospital, Cincinnati, spent Thursday and Friday with her parents, L. C. Stockwell and wife.

Mrs. Ann Pence, of Shackelton, spent several days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Holden.

Mrs. David Roebuck, of Bloomingsburg, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Eliza Pence and other relatives here.

Fred Locke after an absence of 18 years spent from Saturday until Monday with friends here.

Ed Stockwell, wife and daughter, of Springfield, spent Friday with Eliza Wilkin and family.

Mrs. Chas. Pence and son, Earl, of Dayton, and Mrs. Frank Orebaugh and baby, of Shackelton, were recent visitors of Mrs. J. B. Cochran. Mrs. Cochran and two little daughters are spending the week with Nath. Wilkin and family, at Hoaglands.

Mrs. Wm. Berry and son, Arthur, spent several days last week with relatives in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Philip Leininger, of Hillsboro, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Theodore McLaughlin.

Sixty-seven years of married life together is the record of Mr. and Mrs. John Bingham, of Canaan, Me. Mr. Bingham is 91 years old and Mrs. Bingham 90.

An expert of the department of agriculture has been sent to the extreme northwestern corner of China, never before visited by scientists, to seek new plants that might be valuable in the United States.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 4th day of December A. D. 1894.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

EVER WATCHFUL

A Little Care May Save Many Hillsboro Readers Future Trouble.

Watch the kidney secretions. See that they have the amber hue of health.

The discharge not excessive or infrequent. Contain no "brick-dust" like sediment.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for weak kidneys.

Here's Hillsboro proof of their merit:

Cary Rhodes, retired farmer, 138 E. North St., Hillsboro, Ohio, says: "For several years I suffered greatly from kidney weakness. I hurt my back years ago and whenever I caught cold it was sure to settle there, causing sharp twinges of pain. The kidney secretions became scanty and were highly colored. I commenced using Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Garrett & Ayres' Drug Store and was greatly relieved. I still hold a high opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills. They have proven a wonderful kidney medicine in my case. The statement I gave in their praise before holds good."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

LEESBURG.

Sept. 1, 1913.

Mrs. Angeline Archibold left Friday morning for her home in Decatur, Ind., after spending the summer with her cousin, Mrs. David Sanders.

Mrs. W. H. Smith is visiting her parents in Jamestown, Ind.

After a pleasant visit with her parents, Chas. Sanders and wife, Mrs. Lizzie Mumma and children left Friday for their home in Hoagland, Ind.

L. C. Dooley has accepted a position in Wilmington and left Saturday morning for that place.

Harry Dirvin and Howard Penn, of New Vienna, and Misses Mildred Browder and Ione Wilson spent last Wednesday at the Caves.

Mrs. Emma Boyd left Monday for her home in Kentucky after a pleasant visit with A. R. McMillan and family.

Little Miss Mary Shackelford is recovering from the effects of an anesthetic which was being administered for the purpose of performing a slight operation.

T. T. Smith, wife and son, Raymond, were visitors in Washington, O. H., Saturday night and Sunday.

Harry Shank and family, of Blanchester, were guests Sunday of A. B. Griffith and family.

Miss Bessie Warning is the guest of relatives in Blanchester.

Elizabeth Borden, of New Vienna, was the guest of relatives here the latter part of the week.

Mrs. Mary Overman delightfully entertained with a dinner party last Friday. The guests were: Mesdames Isabelle Barger, Phoebe Leaverton, Elizabeth Redkey, Elvir Beeson, Emily Gage, Margaret Teter, Mildred King, Charles Sanders and T. T. Smith.

Miss Josephine Huggins is visiting relatives near Hillsboro.

Miss Patton, of Greenfield, spent the past week with her sister, Mrs. A. G. Thurman.

Dr. J. C. Larkin, of Hillsboro, made a professional visit here Friday.

Rev. J. M. Bailey occupied the M. E. pulpit in Hillsboro last Sunday while Supt. C. H. Lewis filled the pulpit at this place.

J. B. Ferneau is attending the State fair in Columbus this week.

Mrs. Kelly, of Hillsboro, was the guest of her nephew, Herman Tompkins, last Sunday.

Mrs. Nannie Sanders and daughter, Kathryn, visited friends, on Fall Creek, from Friday until Sunday.

Our public schools will open Monday Sept. 8.

Wm. Hall, of Kansas City, and Mrs. Tobitha Sanders, of Anderson, Ind., were guests of Silas Sparks and wife, Saturday and Sunday.

W. H. Moore and family attended camp meeting in Sabina last Sunday.

For Every Living Thing On The Farm

Free; a 500 page book on the treatment and care of "Every Living Thing on the Farm": horses, cattle, dogs, sheep, hogs and poultry, by Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics; also a stable chart for ready reference, to hang up. Free by mail on application. Address Humphreys Homeo Med. Co., Corner Williams & Ann Sts., N. Y. adv

The engagement was pretty stiff; in fact, it looked hopeless to the captain. However, he said cheerily to his men: "My brave fellows, fight like heroes till your ammunition is gone, then run for your lives. I've got a sore foot, so I'll start now. Au revoir, my hearties."—London Opinion.

GIRL AND A BEAR

Brave "Little Sister" Gets Reward for Capturing "A Great Ferocious Monster."

By GERTRUDE MARY SHERIDAN.

"I should die of fright," declared Netta Farbes. "I am sure I should." Why, just think of it, Beauty—way off on the very edge of civilization, wild animals, savages and mountain outlaws! No, thank you, not for me!"

"But David will be there," explained Beatrice Merrill, the bride of a week, and she spoke in a simple confident way that indicated her brave bright husband to be a power of valor and strength in her estimation.

"Well, that is a good deal, I will confess," admitted Netta. "But David can't be with you all of the time, can he? If he's going to be the great cattle king he thinks he is, he must have a lot of work to do. I'm sure you will faint at the first sight of a fierce cowboy, and as to those Indians—think of seeing them creeping—creeping—creeping through the grass, with their hideous tomahawks and scalping knives—ugh!" and the imaginative miss shivered in incipient hysterics.

Beatrice only smiled sweetly, optimistically. It was true she had been brought up tenderly, the only child of fond doting parents, shielded from every rude alarm, her girlhood experience a path of ever-blooming roses.

But it was true also that the rugged earnest figure of David Merrill had come into her life as a hero. His love had filled her existence magically. One of nature's real noblemen, he had come from directly next to nature to woo and win and carry away to his rude far western home a timid, inexperienced prairie flower.

And when the eventful departure came, every stage of the journey accomplished seemed to carry Beatrice into a new realm of delight. Even that last stage drive over the lonely hills and into a settlement crude as a frontier mining town, was full of novelty and excitement. Beatrice clapped her hands ingenuously as some delighted child at the queer antics of



There Burst From a Copse a Great Shaggy Bear.

the playful prairie dogs. She went wild over the splendid full colored flowers. Then when a cavalcade of genuine cowboys came to Last Limit to accompany them to the rancho, their honest loyal admiration charmed the pretty bride and she felt that she was going among true friends.

"There are no bears," she wrote excitedly to Netta two weeks later. "The Indians are poor harmless creatures who come to the door begging only once in awhile, and make you glad to be able to be charitable. But there is the clear, clear sky—oh, so infinitely blue all of the time! And such sunsets! And the boys—dear, rough, honest fellows, who come around bashful and proud of their 'little sister,' as they call me, and who would die for me, if I asked them. And David—oh, so grand and splendid when he goes off on a horse that would scare you! And me, poor little me—gained ten pounds already, brown as a berry, and oh, so happy in this lovely peaceful spot, so sweet and solemn in the clear morning sunlight, that I reverently call it God's land!"

"As to the mountain outlaws—booh! Once there was a few of them, but they have been driven off the trail. There's a band, they say, with a leader named Buckskin Joe. They say he is a bad, desperate fellow. There's a thousand dollars offered for his capture, so it isn't likely he'll ever dare to venture near a rancho where half a dozen brave, powerful herders would be glad to make a target of him. Bugaboo, all the horrid things you predicted! Come out and see me, and see what real men look like!"

In fact Beatrice had become so in love with her new life, that one morning when she found the vicinity of the house deserted she was not one bit worried. David the day before had made a famous sale and had gone off to a distance to negotiate for a new herd. Most of the men had accompanied him. The others had been given a holiday and had gone to Last Limit, where a circus had come along.

Beatrice went about her pleasant home tasks happy as a sprite, singing merrily, planning with delight a famous strawberry pie of gigantic proportions for her formidable horde when they should return, ravenous and delighted, at supper time. She had gathered a great apron full of the rich, luscious fruit in the ravine about a quarter of a mile from the house, when she heard shots and shouts in the distance. These died away, and she started for the house leisurely, attributing the commotion to some burrah exploits of the cowboys on a neighboring ranch.

Then suddenly Beatrice uttered a sharp cry. There burst from a copse a great shaggy bear. Its mouth was foaming, the blood was trickling down from its face, and it swung along at a fearful rate in the direction of the house.

"I won't faint!" determined Beatrice. "Although I hardly know what to do. Oh, dear!" She fluttered like a frightened butterfly. Seeking refuge or eatables, the bear tore through the little house garden, aimed for the open cellar doors, darted down the steps, and then—Beatrice ran fast as she could, reached the house, slammed down the cellar doors and set the heavy oaken bars across the heavy planks. Then she ran into the house, locked and bolted the door leading into the cellar and sat down to cry.

It was only as a relief to her overwrought excitement that the tears came, for Beatrice felt fairly triumphant. She had controlled her fright. She had caged the enemy. What an exploit to write to Netta about! What a grand thing to narrate to her husband! How the gallant cowboys would praise and make a veritable heroine of her! Beatrice was very proud of her first exploit in capturing "a wild savage denizen of the primeval forest."

Beatrice valiantly took down the house rifle from the antlers over the dining room clock and placed it on the table. Then she got the axe from the yard. Next she added the poker to this warlike equipment.

She listened for some demonstrations from below. The "frenzied growls," the "frightful leaps," she had read about as pertaining to bears, did not ensue as she had expected. She wondered if the infuriated animal had gone to sleep. She hoped he had not discovered the old cupboard in which she kept the butter and milk.

About an hour later Beatrice heard the tramp of horses and the sound of human voices along the trail. Six mounted men came into view. Their leader doffed his hat as he drove up to the doorway where Beatrice stood. "We are looking for a stray bear," he began.

"Oh, yes!" announced Beatrice eagerly. "A great ferocious monster—"

"Not at all—a harmless toothless old animal escaped from the circus in Last Limit, but valuable as a trick bear, and \$100 offered for its capture."

"Why, what is this?" inquired David Merrill, as he and his hearty crowd sat down to the smoking supper that evening, and he found a little heap of bank notes under his plate.

Then Beatrice told her story, with dancing eyes. And David swung her up in the air and kissed her at its termination, while the enthusiastic cowboys gave "Huzzah!" with an admiring echo for their brave "little sister."

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PROSPECT CROSSING.

Sept. 1, 1913.

Lon Smart and family, of Belfast, called on Joe Smart and family, Tuesday.

Hamer Anderson and wife, of Pleasant Plains, spent Sunday with N. M. Reams and family. Mrs. Anderson will remain this week with home folks.

Miss Arnetta Gail, of Marshall, spent Saturday night and Sunday with her cousin, Eva Storer.

Lowe Hicks and family, of Hillsboro, and Mrs. Tom Roberts and family, of Mowrystown, spent Sunday with N. N. Faris and family.

Sue Allen, of New Vienna, spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth West.

Miss Amelia Richards, Violet Sexton and Ora Creed and wife spent Sunday with Geo. Chaney and family.

Bert Roberts and Chas. VanZant attended the funeral of Rev. Roy Lucas at West Union, Saturday.

HARRISBURG.

Sept. 1, 1913.

J. O. Harris and wife spent Wednesday at New Vienna, attending a surprise for W. B. VanWinkle.

D. E. Vance was the owner of the best colt at the Kessler Colt Show, last Saturday, as he came home with the blue ribbon.

Miss Ola Ferguson, of Miller's Chapel, is working for Mrs. C. D. Vance.

Mrs. Elmer Hunter and daughter, who have been visiting her mother for the past two months, returned to her home in West Virginia Tuesday, accompanied by her mother, who will make an extended visit with her.

Cary Emery has rented the J. C. Vance farm at Pleasant Hill, and will move there this fall.

Clarence McConaughy and wife, of Norwood, visited his mother, here, Sunday.

C. V. Purdy, of Mew Market, passed through here late Friday night, enroute to the Gall reunion grounds at Belfast, where he furnished ice cream and red lemonade.

"When you kissed your weeping mother goodbye and went out into the world to make your fortune I presume her last tearful injunction was for you to be good?"

"No; make good."—Houston Post.

One of the important functions of the government in Germany is the issuing of permits to hunters. The revenue thus obtained is about \$1,500,000 annually.

Breaking Into Print.

"My cousin once wrote something and had luck—it was printed."

"What was it?"

"His marriage announcement."